

# The Manager Of the B. & O. A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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Not less remarkable was Ryder's posthumous fame. Men who had never known him in life now spoke of him with trembling voices and every outward evidence of the sincerest sorrow. It was as if they had sustained a personal loss, for his championship of the strike had given him a great popularity, and his murder, growing out of this championship, as all preferred to believe, made his death seem a species of martyrdom.

Indeed, the more fact that he had been murdered would have been sufficient to make him popular at any time. He had supplied Antioch with a glorious sensation. It was something to talk over and discuss and shudder at, and the town was grateful and happy with the deep, calm joy of a perfect emotion.

It determined to give him a funeral which should be creditable alike to the cause for which he had died and to the manner of his death.

Meanwhile Dan had been arrested, examined and set at liberty again in the face of the prevailing sentiment that he should be held. No one doubted—he himself least of all—that Roger Oakley had killed Ryder. Bob Bennett recalled their meeting as he left the office to go home for supper on the night of the murder, and a red and yellow bandanna handkerchief was found under the table, which Dan identified as having belonged to his father.

Kenyon came to Antioch and made his re-election almost certain by the offer of a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. This stimulated a wonderful measure of activity. Parties of men and boys were soon scouring the woods and fields in quest of the old convict.

The day preceding that of the funeral a dusty countryman on a hard ridden plow horse dashed into town with the news that a man who answered perfectly to the description of Roger Oakley had been seen the night before twenty-six miles north of Antioch, at a place called Barrow's Sawmills, where he had stopped at a store and made a number of purchases. Then he had struck off through the woods. It was also learned that he had eaten his breakfast the morning after the murder at a farmhouse midway between Antioch and Barrow's Sawmills. The farmer's wife had at his request put up a lunch for him. Later in the day a man at work in a field had seen and spoken with him.

There was neither railroad, telegraph nor telephone at Barrow's Sawmills, and the fugitive had evidently considered it safe to venture into the place, trusting that he was ahead of the news of his crime. It was on the edge of a sparsely settled district, and to the north of it was the unbroken wilderness stretching away to the lakes and the Wisconsin line.

The morning of the funeral an extra edition of the Herald was issued, which contained a glowing account of Ryder's life and achievements. It was an open secret that it was from the gifted pen of Kenyon. This notable enterprise was one of the wonders of the day. Everybody wanted a Herald as a souvenir of the occasion, and nearly 500 copies were sold.

All that morning the country people in unheeded numbers flocked into town. As Clarence remarked to Spide, it was just like a circus day. The noon train from Buckhorn Junction arrived crowded to the doors, as did the 1 o'clock train from Harrison. Antioch had never known anything like it.

The funeral was at 2 o'clock from the little white frame Methodist church, but long before the appointed hour it was crowded to the verge of suffocation, and the anxious, waiting throng overflowed into the yard and street with never a hope of wedding into the building, much less securing seats.

A delegation of the strikers, the Young Men's Kenyon club, of which Ryder was a member, and a representative body of citizens escorted the remains to the church. These were the people he had jeered at, whose simple joys he had ridiculed and whose griefs he had made light of, but they would gladly have forgiven him his sarcasms even had they known of them. He had become a hero and a martyr.

Chris Berry and Cap Roberts were in charge of the arrangements. On the night of the murder the former had beaten his rival to the Herald office by exactly three minutes and had never left Ryder until he lay in the most costly casket in his shop.

It was admitted afterward by thoughtful men who were accustomed to weigh their opinions carefully that Mr. Williamson, the minister, had never delivered so moving an address or one that contained so obvious a moral. The drift of his remarks was that the death of their brilliant and distinguished fellow townsman should serve as a warning to all that there was no time like the present in which to prepare for the life everlasting. He assured his audience that each hour of existence should be devoted to conservation and silent testimony; otherwise, what did it avail? It was not enough that Ryder had thrown the weight of his personal influence and exceptional talents on the side of sound morality and civic usefulness. And as he soared on from point to point his hearers soared with him, and when he rounded in on each well tried climax they rounded in with him. He never failed them once. They always knew what he was going to say

before it was said and were ready for the thrill when the thrill was due. It might have seemed that Mr. Williamson was paid a salary merely to make an uncertain hereafter yet more uncomfortable and uncertain, but Antioch took its religion hot, with a shiver and a threat of blue flame.

When Mr. Williamson sat down Mr. Kenyon rose. As a layman he could be entirely eulogistic. He was sure of the faith which through life had been the guiding star of the departed. He had seen it instanced by numerous acts of eminently Christian benevolence, and on those rare occasions when he had spoken of his hopes and fears he had, in spite of his shrinking modesty, shown that his standards of Christian duty were both lofty and consistent.

Here the Hon. Jeb Barrows, who had been dozing peacefully, awoke with a start and gazed with wide, bulging eyes at the speaker. He followed Mr. Kenyon, and though he tried hard, he couldn't recall any expression of Ryder's, at the Red Star bar or elsewhere, which indicated that there was any spiritual uplift to his nature which he fed at secret altars; so he pictured the friend and citizen, and the dead fared well at his hands, perhaps better than he was conscious of, for he said no more than he believed.

Then came the prayer and hymn, to be succeeded by a heavy, solemn pause, and Mr. Williamson stepped to the front of the platform.

"All those who care to view the remains—and I presume there are many here who will wish to look upon the face of our dead friend before it is conveyed to its final resting place—will please form in line at the rear of the edifice and advance quietly up the right aisle, passing across the church as quickly as possible and thence down the left aisle and on out through the door. This will prevent confusion and make it much pleasanter for all."

There was a rustle of skirts and the awkward shuffling of many feet as the congregation formed in line; then it filed slowly up the aisle to where Chris Berry stood, weaned and dry, with a culture look on his face and a culture touch to his hands that now and again poked at the flowers which were banded about the coffin.

The Emorys, partly out of regard for public sentiment, had attended the funeral, for as the doctor said, they were the only real friends Griff had in the town. They had known and liked him when the rest of Antioch was dubiously critical of the newcomer, whose ways were not its ways.

When the congregation thronged up the aisle Constance, who had endured the long service, which to her was unspeakably grotesque and horrible, in shocked if silent rebellion slipped her hand into her mother's. "Take me away," she whispered brokenly, "or I shall cry out! Take me away!"

Mrs. Emory hesitated. It seemed a desertion of a trust to go and leave Griff to these strangers, who had been brought there by morbid curiosity. Constance guessed what was passing in her mind.

"Papa will remain if it is necessary," Mrs. Emory touched the doctor on the shoulder. "We're going home, John; Constance doesn't feel well; but you stay."

When they reached the street the last vestige of Constance's self control vanished utterly. "Wasn't it awful!" she sobbed. "And his life had only just begun! And to be snuffed out like this, when there was everything to live for!"

Mrs. Emory, surprised at the sudden show of feeling, looked into her daughter's face. Constance understood the look.

"No, no! He was only a friend! He could never have been more than that. Poor, poor Griff!"

"I am glad for your sake, dearie," said Mrs. Emory gently.

"I wasn't very kind to him at the last, but I couldn't know—I couldn't know," she moaned.

She was not much given to these confidences even with her mother. Usually she never questioned the wisdom or righteousness of her own acts, and it was not her habit to put them to the test of a less generous judgment, but she was remembering her last meeting with Ryder. It had been the day before his death. He had told her that he loved her, and she had flared up, furious and resentful, with the dull, accusing ache of many days in her heart and a cruel readiness to make him suffer. She had tried to convince herself afterward that it was only his vanity that was hurt.

Then she thought of Oakley. She had been thinking of him all day, wondering where he was, if he had left Antioch, and not daring to ask. They were going up the path now toward the house, and she turned to her mother again.

"What do they say of Mr. Oakley—I mean Mr. Dan Oakley? I don't know why, but I'm more sorry for him than I am for Griff. He has so much to bear!"

"I heard your father say he was still here. I suppose he has to remain. He can't choose."

"What will be done with his father if he is captured? Will they—? She could not bring herself to finish the sentence.

"Goodness knows! I wouldn't worry about him," said Mrs. Emory in a tone of considerable asperity. "He made all the trouble, and I haven't a particle of patience with him!"

(To Be Continued.)

## HER WHEREABOUTS STILL A MYSTERY

NoClew to Movements of Miss Lacy Summers.

Father Fears That in Her Nervous Condition She Committed Suicide.

BROTHER VISITED IN PADUCAH

Jackson, Tenn., August 25.—The whereabouts of Miss Lacy Summers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Summers, of North Royal street, who disappeared from her home in this city Tuesday, is still a mystery, all efforts on the part of her family to locate her having proved of no avail. Mr. D. L. Summers, her brother, who went to Fulton and later to Paducah in search of her, has returned home after losing all trace of his sister, and the family are now seeking anxiously for any clue.

Last night Mr. J. E. Summers, brother of Miss Lacy, requested Chief of Police T. C. Gaston to write a letter of inquiry to be sent to the chief of police at St. Louis. The request was complied with and the letter mailed together with an accurate and minute description of the missing lady, at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Summers says his sister was heard to remark on Monday, the day before her sudden disappearance, that she believed she could make from \$50 to \$75 per month in the millinery business, if she were only in St. Louis, and this remark leads the family to believe that she has gone to that place.

In addition to sending a letter of inquiry to St. Louis, a picture of her has been sent to papers in St. Louis, Nashville and Memphis.

Conductor Hugh Palmer of the Illinois Central, states that the conductor of the local freight out of Fulton last Tuesday, says a young lady answering Miss Summers' description went on his train from Fulton, getting off at Mayfield, Ky.

The father of the young lady said this afternoon he is fearful that in her nervous condition that she may have become desperate and made away with herself in some manner.

He thinks she did not leave the city and it is requested that the police and citizens make a search of any out-of-the-way place about the city for her.

HAD THE ROYAL DONKEY SAFE

Captain's Way of Signalling That Fact Offends Lighthouse Keeper.

King Edward lately sent to his grandson, Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, a gift of a donkey, confiding the animal to the special care of the captain of the steamship Montebello, says a London cable.

When the steamer arrived outside Christiania, the captain signalled the lighthouse "All right." No acknowledging signal was given, whereupon the captain sent a signal reading: "Ass. One is all right. How's the other?" Still there was no reply, and the captain took his vessel into the harbor.

Knowing that the authorities are very strict in reference to vessels passing the lighthouse being reported and also being impressed with his responsibility as custodian of the royal donkey, he complained to the officials of the lighthouse's neglect. An inquiry was immediately instituted, which revealed that when the Montebello passed the lighthouse and gave the first signal the signalman was using the telephone and was unable to reply. When, having finished his conversation over the telephone, he saw the second signal, he constructed the word ass as a contemptuous epithet applied to himself. His dignity was wounded, and he refused to report the offender.

KING LEASES U. S. SOIL.

Acquires Small Plot in Center of Borough of Phoenixville, Pa.

His Majesty Edward VII., king of Great Britain and Ireland, has acquired, for the sum of \$1, a leasehold title to an acre of ground in the center of the borough of Phoenixville, and will remain in possession thereof until January 1, 1907, says a Phoenixville, Pa., telegram.

A deed to the above effect has been registered in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Chester county.

The ground, on which a quantity of finished iron work is started, was leased to the Quebec Bridge and Railway company by the Phoenixville bridge company, the former having been taken over by the Canadian government; the lease has been transferred to the crown, and, according to custom, the deed has been made out in the name of the English king.

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412 South 9th St., 6 rooms in good fix, at \$1,650, part on time.

418 South 9th St., 6 rooms, house good condition, at \$1,750, part time.

503 Fountain Ave., 6 room house, nice, water inside, excellent location. See me as to price which depends on terms of payment.

Some excellent farm offers near city, do now for sub-division and pay handsome profit at once on present prices.

Madison St. Fountain Park corner lot at \$650. Only chance in park.

Nice North 5th St. 9-room house in excellent condition at \$3,800. Only \$3 blocks from Palmer House.

Three houses, rents about \$30 month, N. E. corner 6th and Ohio Sts., good investment at \$2,400.

Have at all times money to loan on farm land at 6 per cent interest, 10 years' time. Certainly getting money wanted if farm and title all right.

Have acre land just outside city limits, in very choice location, can sell in any quantity wanted from about 1 1/2 acres up. Well opened up with wide streets and best offers in this class about city.

Five acres fronting 515 feet on south side of Hinkleville road near city limits at \$300 acre. This land can be subdivided into lots and resold at handsome profit. Easy payments.

Five 4-room double houses on lots each 40x165 feet to 15 foot alley, on north side of Clay street between 12th and 13th streets at \$1,050 each, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments of \$15. Rents now at \$10 month. These are bargains for investment, at houses in good condition and ground rapidly rising in value. Take one or more.

One newest 7-room houses in city new, never been occupied, all modern conveniences, near Madison St. fronting on Fountain Ave. and opposite Lang park, at \$300, part on time. This is fine offer in good home. Lock at it and see.

4 6-10 acres near Wallace Park, h'gh, well drained, with excellent surroundings, 60 foot street in front of it, at \$1,000 on any reasonable payments desired.

First-class cottage of 9 rooms, just renovated throughout, on north side of Jefferson St. between 13th and 14th, at \$2,500.

Several Rowlandtown lots on \$5.00 monthly payments.

240 acres best farm in county, only 4 miles from city, \$1,500 cash and balance on 5 years time. See me if you want what will double in value in few years. Resell at twice the price long before payments are due.

FOR RENT.

Good 4-room house, newly papered, 1119 N. 12th St., at \$8.00 month.

595 Fountain Ave., 4-room cottage, front and back porches, hall, well shaded lot 49x150 feet, nice condition, 3 grate fire places, bargain at \$1,600 cash.

4-room house and 9 lots 40 feet wide, surrounded by lots sold and selling fast, at \$250 each, whole offer for \$2,000 which is a great bargain. See me and get details.

5-room house on east side S. 4th St., between Clark and Adams, at \$1,800.

7-room house, S. 4th between Clark and Adams, west side, sewer connections and modern conveniences, at \$2,850.

These are samples. Ask for what you want and we can furnish it.

A few more lots unsold in the Terrell Fountain Park addition at \$251 each on payments of \$25 cash and balance \$5 per month. These are the best monthly payment lots now to be had about the city and will soon be gone. More future rise in value in these lots than any you can get for homes.

For Sale—Six-room cottage, on S. E. corner 7th and Harrison; lot 57 ft. 9 inches by 165 feet; stable, servants' house; on long, easy payments. Only \$500 cash. See me for details and get home in best residence part of north side.

Chance for colored people. Have half dozen houses for sale at prices \$500 to \$1,000 on very easy payments. Small cash and afterwards by the month.

Now is the time to get small places for country homes. Can sell nice lots from 5 acres up in very desirable location, near electric cars.

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